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portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, and Lord Methuen, who appears as a handsome, rather grave young man, in a court dress of black velvet and point lace. His greyhound, at his feet, is attentively regarding him. Other portraits are by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Velasquez, Rubens and Gainsborough. The two celebrated landscapes by Constable, which have had so great influence on the modern school of landscape painting, "The Valley Farm" and "The Lock," hang near the Stuart portrait. A Turner, "Saltash" (an old military station in the south of England), painted while the artist was under the influence of the Dutch landscapists, hangs near by. Its conventional brown foreground and gray distance make it scarcely recognizable, at first, for a Turner; but it is a richly composed and effective picture. The foreground shows a wharf, at the back of which is a large building, the shadow of which obscures the scene. This is cut through by a square gateway opening on a silvery bit of distance. At the left is a vessel with a red sail; at the right, a large boat is drawn up partly out of the water. There is quite a crowd of little figures, well disposed and better drawn than was usual with Turner. A picture by Bonington, a "Marine View," may profitably be compared with this and with the Constables, while in Ruysdael's "Landscape" may be seen the source from which all the originators of our modern landscape schools have drawn inspiration. Of several Dutch figure pieces, the most beautiful is the "Young Woman Opening a Casement," by Van der Meer of Delft. The early morning light comes in through the quaintly leaded window and gives a peculiar richness to the dark blue dress and white cap and collar of the girl, and mysteriously affects the warmer tones of the Turkish rug thrown over the table upon which are her brass pitcher and ewer. A remarkable cartoon, painted in distemper on canvas, by Lucas van Leyden, has for subject the appearance of Christ before Pilate. The figures are beautifully drawn and very scientifically colored. The architecture, which fills much of the composition, is of the Renaissance style, and gives a decidedly Italian look to the painting. In the former gallery of old masters, the only new pictures are a portrait by Madame Vigée Lebrun and Gilbert Stuart's "Washington," painted for a brother of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

In the new loan collection of modern paintings (in the old building), the most remarkable pictures are the Delacroix, "Adam and Eve Driven from Paradise," owned by Mr. Havemeyer; Isabey's "St. Hubert's Day," with huntsmen and dogs at the church door; two landscapes by Cazin and Mr. Avery's Boughton, "Tam O'Shanter's Ride." The bulk of this collection belongs to Mr. Seney, who is again, we are glad to see, possessing himself of the best Corots, Rousseaus and Troyons to be had. The Wolfe collections have been augmented by some water-colors and other paintings for which there was not room in the old galleries. Among these may be noted Bida's "Massacre of the Mamelukes" and Louis Leloir's "Drink of Milk," a charming composition painted to order for Mrs. Wolfe.

In the little space still left to this article, we must give a slight sketch of the valuable collections shown in the small gallery marked Q on the plan. The walls of this room are hung with costly rugs, embroideries and tapestries. In a large table case in the centre is the Maxwell-Sommerville collection of engraved gems, for a student one of the most interesting collections of the sort in existence, as it includes specimens of all nations and all ages. Against the walls are ranged collections of old gold and silver coins, scarabei and cylinders, formerly shown in different parts of the main hall. In the corners are cases containing Sévres vases and other large objects of silver and pottery, and at the eastern end is one of the most interesting of the new collections, one of miniatures, bonbonnières and snuff-boxes, presented to the Museum by the Misses Sarah and Josephine Lazarus, in memory of their father. This charming collection, which was made almost altogether in America, shows what can be done here by intelligent and assiduous research; for apart from the fine miniature by Pierre Adolphe Hall, and some others acquired abroad, it contains specimens of Cosway; William Wood, who painted so like Cosway that his work often passes for the latter's; our own Malbone, and other famous miniaturists, including Zincke, of whom there are two excellent examples. There are portraits of Louis XVI.; of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin; of Gilbert Stuart, a notable contemporaneous likeness by Miss Goodrich, a very clever pupil of his; of Lady Sophia Boyle (Cosway), and other valuable and

historic pieces. Taken in connection with the miniature memorials of Washington, Franklin and Lafayette in another room, they will afford an excellent opportunity to study this charming branch of art, until recently so much neglected by us moderns.

There are many interesting objects in this and other rooms which we cannot even mention in the present article, but which will be fully described in later ones.

ART IN BOSTON.

ONE of the serious affairs of the season has been the exhibition of engravings of Albert Dürer at the Museum of Fine Arts. As it was a substantially exhaustive array of the whole product of the great artist in this genre, nothing short of an essay on his life and achievements could do it justice. I shall not inflict on you any "rechauffé" of the abundant literature of the subject. But I must not fail to give the exhibition the place of honor in my monthly chronicle; nor to award to the museum authorities, and especially to Mr. S. R. Koehler, curator of the print department, whose solid learning and painstaking methods make the thing possible, all honor for this high educational use of the resources at their command. The theory on which our museum is administered is that it is the crown of our free public educational system. At its foundation, it became the depository, under certain conditions, of Harvard College's valuable collection of engravings, known as the Gray collection, and the print department has ever since been particularly strong. Under Mr. Koehler's direction these riches have been several times drawn upon for special exhibitions, illustrative of some period, school or phase of art, to the great profit of earnest students and connoisseurs. Mr. Koehler is not only an expert as to technique and a keen critic of the artistic merits of engravings and etchings, but also a literary man with a scholar's interest in the subjects and the periods represented in the portraits and other pictures. His dream is to gather, some day, the prints of every quality, from the best engravings to the coarsest newspaper cuts, bearing on events of political history and states of social evolution, into groups, so that each group shall tell the whole story, each of its respective event or period. It is a magnificent scheme, but he will need a museum all to himself to carry it out as he has mused upon it.

Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor of the Leif Ericsson statue and of some other public statues, has at last been goaded into a reply to the newspaper chaff that has been flung at her pretty bronze ever since it was uncovered at the head of Commonwealth Avenue. Last winter, when the pedestal was covered in from the frost, some paragrapher declared that Leif, being an Icelander, was unable to stand the temperature in his cabin, had climbed to its roof and was dancing a jig on its ridge-pole. He does "strike an attitude," to be sure, but so does any man, if you will notice, when he stands on an elevated point and observes the distance, with one hand shading his eyes from the sun. There is nothing unnatural or unlikely in the pose, though it may be a little set. But the slight, graceful figure is faultless in modelling and pleasant to look upon, compared with most of the amateurish inartistic sculpture in American monuments. But it is the pedestal that has latterly come under fire in the local newspaper. Miss Whitney gives the journalistic wit a little instruction, and at the same time turns the laugh upon him in these graceful terms:

"Having to adapt the base of the statue to an awkward tongue of land, which was neither oval nor round, nor square, nor triangular, . . . I affixed to the base, longitudinally with the plot of ground, the beak and stern ornament of the old Viking ship, and thought not ill of the design, inasmuch as it is symbolic of the general meaning of the monument, as were the same emblems on ancient naval columns. That the most imaginative critic should ever interpret the pedestal with such extrinsic adornments to be the representation of a craft sailing the Atlantic seas (however much water there might be in the basin) is a flight of impassioned realism that stretches into the empyrean of poesy and could not possibly have occurred to the mind of the designer, who sincerely hopes she is thus relieved from the suspicion of intentional deception and carelessness in the failure to accompany herself with Snug's chorus."

It is not often that an artist, venturing into print in answer to criticism, comes off so successfully as Miss Whitney has done.

This has been a month of water-colors here. The Boston Water-color Society, which is composed of thirty or so young painters of established reputation, makes a pretty, cheerful and every way pleasant and creditable exhibition. Seriousness and ability mark nearly every work.

Things are generally carried out to finish in a clean, thorough, accurate and yet not niggled or labored style. Some visitors have thought they discovered a tendency to the English manner of water-color. But it seems to me as distinct from that—although neither kaleidoscopic in brilliancy, like the Roman, nor impressionistic and watery, like the French, nor literal and brown, like the Dutch—as the American elm is from the English elm. It is an excellent combination or compromise of qualities, apparently the deliberate and judicious choice of men mature enough in technique to choose a manner for themselves from conviction. Landscape subjects and marines form the majority, but there are two or three interiors with figures that are superb for dramatic interest and sympathetic treatment, and would attract attention and compel admiration in any company, such as W. L. Taylor's "A Porlock Interior," a mellow Rembrandtish picture of an English cottage fireside, and Edmund H. Garrett's "The Peacemaker," a scene of family life most speakingly portrayed. S. P. R. Triscott gives a crisp and vivid description of an immense cloud effect over an English moor, and Thomas Allen shows some of the broad sweeps of English pasture land in Devon, with the flocks of sheep, which he paints so well. Mr. H. Winthrop Peirce is still working up effectively the materials he gathered in England, and no one gives the characteristic richness and sweetness of English pastoral life with more sympathy and evident delight in the doing of it than this New Englander. The most important marine is a serenely beautiful dead calm in a brilliant yet truthful chromatic scale in glassy sea and lazy sail, by Hendricks A. Hallett. F. Childe Hassam sends from Paris a smart every-day figure of the streets, with its touch of humor as well as life, and Philip Little, Charles Copeland, Charles F. Pierce, J. Linden Smith, Henry Sandham and Louis Ritter all have pieces that should be mentioned.

Besides this there is a water-color exhibition also current at the same time by the Water-color Club. This collection is composed entirely of ladies' work and of ladies who are "somebody" in society for the most part—Susan H. Bradley, Gabrielle D. Clements, Mary McG. Dalton, Kate Greatorex, Katherine Lane, Mary K. Longfellow, Louisa B. Mason, Helen B. Merriman, Mary Minns Morse, Eleanor W. Motley, Elizabeth F. Parker, Ellen Robbins, Sarah C. Sears, M. Silsbee, Emily D. Tyson, Sarah W. Whitman and Elizabeth B. Duveneck. Here are a considerable number more of pictures than in the men's club exhibition, and three times as much dash, emphasis and sensation, but also, alas! the inequality and hit-or-miss sketchiness so notably absent in the other; and thereby hangs a revelation of much of the wherefore of things ineffable in art. Many things would be utterable in art if their creators only *knew how* to utter them! The less one knows the more one dares oftentimes; the less one can really do, the louder, under some circumstances, must be one's assertion that one could do it if one cared. But this show is immensely interesting and amusing, and judging the work of lady amateurs in it as amateur work is creditable in the highest degree. There is even something of public pride and moral glow to be felt in the presence of the evidence here displayed that not all the dwellers in great houses at Nahant, at Beverly Farms, at Lenox, or at Newport dawdle their mornings away in bed and their afternoons in carriages, or that they have eyes only for dress and none for the colors and forms of flowers and clouds, and are interested only in studying the ways of the latest lions and leaders in society, and note nothing of the sweetness of childhood or of the profoundly significant traits of human nature in high and low alike. Mrs. Motley's sketch of two children in a donkey-cart is a perfect triumph as a quick and smart "tour de force;" and Mrs. Whitman's "Portrait of an Elderly Person," being a dash of color representing a canary, is also a happy inspiration with a touch of piquant humor. The flowers are for the most part broadly and sumptuously characterized with true poetic and artistic feeling, and some of the landscapes and marines are strong and effective. But there is nothing that men do that is not done by women now in Boston.

From Paris come fine reports of the long-ago-predicted progress of the young sculptor, Paul W. Bartlett, son of the well-known Boston sculptor and critic, T. H. Bartlett, and a hint that Henry Bacon's forthcoming Salon picture is to repeat something of his success in funerals—this time a sumptuous Parisian funeral, though this comes in only as accessory to the main subject, which is not stated.

GRETA.